
Title: The Falling of Trinsic

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The walled city stood
tall that day.

The number of souls
defending Trinsic
increased by the
hours. The masses
began to huddle
together near the gate
entrance by high noon.
But out of the huddled
masses came a face
shown clearer than all
the others-- Lucifuge
Rofocale, master
warrior. "Hey, Lucy!"
Lucifuge looks out into
the crowd to see a
recognizable face
amongst the strangers.
A sudden sense of
comfort is bestowed
upon him, and he
smiles deeply.
Lucifuge disarms
himself and pushes
through the crowd to
greet his friend.

The two salute each
other and carry on a
conversation which is
inaudible over the
crowd's incessant
chatter. Lucifuge
plays with a small
medallion between his
fingers while
conversing. We will
never know how this
young and promising
man (as all young men
are) received it, nor
will Lucifuge himself
ever feel love, sense
fear, or shame with
someone else.

Suddenly, the crowd
silences, and all eyes
turn towards the

darkening horizon as
the sun begins to
set--for what may be
the last time--on
Trinsic. A strong
tension surrounds
the crowd. Lucifuge,
expecting what is to
come next, shakily
withdraws his
weapon. his pulse
quickens, and his
heart beats furiously.
As the final light
disappears and lady
dark emerges, a loud
war cry erupts from
the crowd in unison as
individual screams
and cheers follow
afterwards. The
familiar sound of
bones rattling on the
sandstone streets,
inhuman wails, and
the stench of rotting
flesh fills the
atmosphere. A
crippling sense of
dread touches even the
most virtuous souls.
...The undead... The
crowd moves together
in one huge motion
towards the meeting
hall. An old man clad
in a tattered garb
leading the pack yells
"CHARGE!" Lucifuge
braces his sword as
he pushes through the
crowd to meet his
destiny. He loses sight
of his friend as death
cries sound, blood
spatters, and swords
clash. Lucifuge finally
reaches the
battlefield and throws
himself perilously
into the carnage, a
mere master warrior.
"Hey, Lucy!" Lucifuge
looks out into the sea
of lifeless bodies to
see a recognizable face
amongst them.
"...My...friend..."

Emotions spill over
Lucifuge as he
swings his sword.
There has been so
much lost in so little
time. Anger swells
within Sucifuge as an
attack is mounted on
him by three skeletal
knights. His soul
burns for release, and
he slashes at them,
killing two in one
strike. But the third
skeletal knight wields
a sword swung too
soon for Lucifuge, and
the blad rips through
his leather leggings
and slices his thigh
wide open. Barely able
to manage standing,
Lucifuge limps up a
stairway and onto a
rafter, leaving his
own blood and muscle
tissue behind him. He
cries deeply with all
his strength left
Nothiing but death and